

TELEGRAPHIC NEWS BOILED DOWN.

MEASLES are reported prevalent in Gonzales county.

FRANK MILLER, son of the Congressman, died at Gonzales yesterday.

A BRIDGE on the Trunk Line railway, five miles from Dallas, burned Thursday night.

The 19th United States infantry has been ordered from Fort Duncan, and will be replaced by the 16th.

DOMINGUE MERIN, a little boy five years old, obtained a judgment in the court at Fort Worth, yesterday, against the Texas Pacific railway company for \$20,000 for cutting off both legs.

THE Austin Compress company, capital \$50,000; Georgetown Water company, capital \$50,000, and the Laredo Fire company filed charters at Austin yesterday.

PHILADELPHIA, May 25.—Abraham O. Hickman, Postmaster of Pottsville, was sentenced to nine months' imprisonment, and to pay \$100 fine for using washed stamps.

CITY OF MEXICO, May 25.—Unusually heavy rains washed away iron bridges on the Central railway. A train ran into a washout, and the engineer was killed. Traffic between Leon and Lagos is suspended for five days.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 25.—The National Board of health has been informed of 32 deaths from yellow fever at Havana for the week ending May 18, and the disease has made its appearance among the shipping at that port.

ST. LOUIS, May 25.—In the United States court today James J. Mason and William Denman, counterfeiters, were sentenced respectively for five and two years imprisonment at the Chester, Illinois, penitentiary. Mason is an old offender.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 25.—Lieutenant Colonel Higgs has telegraphed the Adjutant General withdrawing his resignation, saying he prefers being tried by court martial. The offense Colonel Higgs is charged with is duplicating his pay accounts.

PANAMA, May 25.—There is great excitement in Guyana about the colling of \$120,000 from the bank by Venezuela. Most of the money belonged to foreigners who are endeavoring to induce their governments to order Italian and English men-of-war to capture the dictator.

NEW YORK, May 25.—Certificates of incorporation of the Southwestern Telegraph and Telephone company have been filed. The lines of the company are to run between Saratoga and Albany, N. Y., across the country southwesterly to Galveston and Austin, and also to pass through Little Rock Capital, \$2,000,000, divided into 6000 shares.

ROSTOFF, Russia, May 25.—A Russian was killed here Tuesday by a Jewish publican. Subsequently a mob attacked several houses and shops occupied by Jews, which they robbed, demolished and burned. Riots continued until last night. Three sections of Cossacks were ordered to the scene to restore order. There are fears that there will be further outbreaks against the Jews.

HARRISBURG, May 25.—Governor Patterson vetoed the bill giving pensions to surviving veterans of the Mexican war and to widows and sailors of that war. The Governor calls attention to the fact that similar bills passed in 1879-81, were vetoed by his predecessor, and that obstacles to executive approval contained in these bills had not been removed by the present one. The House sustained the veto.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 25.—In the Star case trial yesterday Colonel Bob Ingersoll made a rapid summary of the evidence as it appeared to him, and concluded as follows: "Now, gentlemen, the responsibility is with you. The fate of these men is in your hands. In your keeping is everything they love, everything they hold dear in your power. With this fearful responsibility you have no right to listen to the whispers of suspicion. You have no right to hearken to the promptings of fear."

NASHVILLE, Tenn., May 25.—Another charming day encourages the managers of the competitive drill, and it is likely to prove a financial success, despite the bad weather of the first two days. The programme for today included an artillery drill, experiments with the galling gun, a dress parade and a sham battle. The artillery drill took place in the forenoon. The Washington artillery drilled first, and gave the finest drill ever witnessed by many expert critics.

The Alabama State artillery also put up an efficient drill. The contest lies between these two companies.

DUBLIN, Ireland, May 25.—Archbishop Crooke, in his remarks at Thurles yesterday, said the Pope spoke to him concerning the menacing state of Europe, and said he feared that even in Ireland, which had been a great consolation to him, the spirit of lawlessness had seized upon a large section of people. The Archbishop said he assured him there was no lawlessness in his diocese, and that no notable crime had been committed there. He said all the Pope blamed the Irish people for was for crimes which both he, the Archbishop, and his flock had always done their utmost to denounce. On parting, the Pope gave Archbishop Crooke his blessing, and assured him of his good wishes.

—Buckton (H) was first manufactured in St. Louis, Mo., in 1861, and not an accident in its record as having resulted from its use.

A Prayer.

If you but know, without a home,
How sad and lonely one can be,
By the house you'd sometimes come
That shelters me.

If you but knew what a soul can find
Warmed by the thought of your glance,
Up to my room you'd sometimes stand,
As if by chance.

If you but knew how one heart knit
To another makes the whole world bright,
By my door you'd sometimes sit
As a sister might.

If you but knew that I adore you,
And know how fond my love has been,
The door perhaps you'd push before you
And enter in.

—[From the French of Emily Poushhouse.]

Love in Three Acts.

ACT I.

A pretty girl,
A pleasant youth,
Behind a team of grass:
A nice young man
To put and plan
In various kinds of ways.

A blithe and sportive
And sure to win,
Another fond career,
Some other stuff,
A smile and laugh,
And then a gentle "Yes."

ACT II.

A preacher's wife,
A bride's veil,
Come through the parlor wide;
The groom is there,
Complete the pair,
And then the knot is tied.

ACT III.

A year has gone,
Time sweeps along,
In its stuporous tramp—
Now, see the groom,
Charge round the ring,
The lady's got a crump!

ALL SOUTHS.

'Possum cooked with faters
Makes a dinner fit,
Can't be beat in gravy, might be good,
Oh, yer arter see Miss Russell,
Still a brain new has an' Russell,
Out er waltz wid a d-d-d-d-d.

—[Courtier Journal.]

Uncle Reuben:—"Yass, Ephraim, but yo should do as yo is done by." Eph:—"Yass, Uncle Rebe, but dis chile haint never been done by!"

"Never engage in anything you would not open with prayer," says an orthodox divine. We suppose especial reference is had to "jack pots." —[Omaha Republican.]

Grumpy—No young ladies now any longer blith. In my young days they did. Good Child—Yes, but wasn't that because you used to say things that made them— [Punch.]

"I don't like to have my husband chew tobacco," remarked a young married lady, "but I put up with it, for the infill is just too handy for anything in doing up my front crimps." —[Somerville Journal.]

"Are your domestic relations agreeable?" was the question put to an unhappy looking specimen of humanity. "Oh, my domestic relations are all right," was the reply; "it is my wife's relations that are causing the trouble." —[Rochester Post-Express.]

Rich uncle to his physician:—"So you think there is hope for me?" "Oh, only that, but I can assure you that you are saved." "Very well, I wish, you'd inform my nephew, but break the news gently to him."

The other day, on an Arkansas railroad, an old gentleman sat half asleep, with a book entitled "The Train Robbers" lying on his lap. Pretty soon he sank to sleep. The window sash fell with a loud report, and the old man, springing to his feet and throwing up his hands, exclaimed: "Gentlemen, I haven't got a cent!" —[Georgia Major.]

"A little more animation, my dear," whispered Lady B— to the gentle Susan, who was walking through the quadrille. "Do leave me to manage my own business, mamma," replied the prudent nymph. "I shall not dance my ringlets out of curl for a married man." "Of course not, my love; but I was not aware who your partner was." —[Cedar Rapids People.]

"So you has done left de Jones?" remarked Matilda snowball to Eliza Pinkston, both colored, as they met on Austin avenue. "You bet I left 'em. Day cotted me wid a dollar I found on de mantelpiece, and tuck it away from me, so I jess quit 'em." "You is a fool, niggah. I wouldn't have left till I done got my dollar back. White folks an' so presum' nowadays." —[Texas Siftings.]

A Bride Feels Funny in Long Frocks.

There was quite a romantic marriage at the courthouse Wednesday evening, the contracting parties being J. R. Robbins, of Henry county, Alabama, and Miss —, of Lawrenceville, Alabama. The bride is a young lady about 16 years of age, and was going to school in short frocks. The groom, although having been married once before, was going to the same school. The parents of the young lady objected to her marriage to Robbins, but love laughs at locksmiths, so a runaway match was planned. Robbins found out he could steal her away from the school house at dinner time, so he steals her and runs away with her and brings her over here in Georgia and marries her and that was the end of it. Before the bride started on her trip she went over to a neighbor's house and borrowed some long frocks. She said she felt so funny in them she did not know what to do.

BRIEF MENTION.

The Scotch town of Dundee, chiefly associated in the American mind with marmalade, has had gifts and bequests of late amounting to \$1,250,000.

The Chicago Tribune is assessed for only \$15,000 and the other Chicago papers at proportionately absurd small figures, says the Herald of that city.

An exasperated taxpayer in Chicago estimates that \$75 years past the city has been cheated out of \$50,000,000 of revenue by bad accountants.

There are four universities in Switzerland—at Basle, Berne, Geneva and Zurich—at which there are 543 medical students, of whom 51 are women.

The report of the Baltimore public schools for the past year shows that the whole number of schools has been 121, containing 35,609 enrolled pupils and 826 teachers.

The high license required of pawnbrokers in New York under the new law—\$500 in money and bonds in \$10,000—will tend to make a concentrated monopoly of the whole business.

There is a scheme on foot to turn the course of the Chestatee river in Lumpkin county, Ga., in order to reach the millions of gold dust that are supposed to form the bed of the channel.

That irrepressible Mr. Bradlaugh has, in three years, been the subject of 11 important divisions in the House of Commons, the first being on the motion of Lord Frederick Cavendish.

The insurance statisticians now say that men live five years longer than they did 30 years ago, and women three years and four months longer—a difference, we need not say, quite large enough to be perceptible in human life.

Prince Louis Jerome Bonaparte, second son of Prince Napoleon, has entered Cheltenham college, England. He is now 19 years old, and will remain in the college until his period of military service begins, about two years hence.

There has been a rush of the legal fraternity from San Francisco to the Northwest, Seattle, in Washington Territory, being the point of concentration. As usual, the thing has been overdone, and there are now 60 shingles glaring upon the people of that town.

While making arrangements for a trip to Europe for his health's sake, the Hon. Alexander Mackenzie, formerly Premier of Canada, was surprised by the advent of a party of friends who presented him with a purse of \$10,000, as "pocket money that might come handy."

Statistics collected in Prussia show that about two persons in every 1000 stammer. This would make 2,500,000 stammerers in the world. But as stammering among North American Indians was unknown in Galin's time is probably a disease of advanced civilization only.

Some weeks ago a woman eloped from Portland with a young man. Her husband took it calmly, and did not try to find her. Someday he received a letter from her, dated at Boston, in which she said: "So far, God has blessed us with health, but John has no regular work yet."

The Galia, of the Cunard line, now en route for New York, has among her passengers Lord Coleridge, who, it is said, was offered free passage to this country by both the White Star and Guion lines. Evidently his lordship preferred to make his own selection and pay his fare like "any other man."

An American in London tells of his experience in that city. At the end of the month when the bill was sent to by his landlord for "furnished apartments"—a bill based upon a definite understanding that no "extras" were to be conjured up—a charge of three shillings for the use of the cruet appeared.

According to the Chicago Staats Zeitung the Germans of that city who are not saloon-keepers are satisfied with the proposition to reduce the beer license to \$250, leaving the license for the whiskey saloons at \$500, in the bill now pending before the Legislature. Hence an amendment cutting down the beer license to \$150 is condemned.

A new advertising dodge was lately born in New York. A "line of the Twenty-third street line bears a huge sign which invites the public to ride free to a certain store, Eighth avenue. Probably all the "buses on this line are chartered by the enterprising dry-goods man. Some envious wretch of an imitator will soon offer to transport his customers both ways. Churches might catch a stray stoner or two by this plan.

Sleeping the Hours Away.

Last fall, Sherman Platt, a popular young man of this place, suffered sunstroke, and then fell ill of malarial fever, from which he has never recovered. Since Christmas he has slept almost continuously, and has not once spoken. He was to have been married this spring, but does not recognize his betrothed. He sits in his rocking chair, with his eyes closed, all day long, paying no attention to anything. Twice a day he rouses from what seems to be sound slumber, and in a half-dazed fashion leaves his chair to enter an adjoining room where the family's meals are served. He eats very little.

THE WAIST.

Platt Gives Some Very Interesting Data, Especially Instructive to Ladies.

Between the acts at the opera, Donn Platt discussed the causes of the rarity of good operatic singers.

"Some time in the dim past—like many other great events, the date is buried in obscurity—it was found the thing to create a waist in woman. Up to that time the female figure was left to nature for development. The dress, falling from the shoulders, was, in fact, drapery, loose and flowing, so that the form, left free, remained as nature intended it should be. After, it was drawn in precisely where the vital organs called for the fullest liberty. While the stomach was pushed out of place, the lungs and heart were reduced to the smallest space for life to exist at all. This is death to a good deal, but especially to the voice."

"I never hear a man discoursing so learnedly on right living that I don't feel sorry for him. The goose don't seem to know that the practice is obsolete."

"Yes, madam, but the waist remains, and wearing apparel is adapted to it. The weight of clothes carried there instead at the shoulders, as nature designed, is enough to perpetuate the evil. Besides this, nature, that is logical as well as economical, says: 'Well, if you don't want full lungs and hearts, and natural stomachs, we will dispense with them,' and so women come into the world half made up, and men too, for that, and we can bid adieu to sweet singers."

"It is all nonsense. The sweetest and most powerful voices I ever knew came from girls with slender waists and narrow shoulders—there now."

"My dear friend, I don't mean to say that full lungs and a healthy, well-developed heart, or a digestive apparatus in the best order, make a voice. That is an affair pertaining to the vocal organs. What I do say is, that the voice cannot be maintained for the trying work of a public singer without these organs. How long would your slender-waisted, narrow-shouldered girl last in work such as we have here to night? What Madam Furch-Madi is doing for our entertainment to-night would knock over and lay up 91 of our girls in one performance. No one has an adequate idea, unless in the business, of the strain a prima donna has upon her in an opera such as this, or, indeed, any opera. Rail-splitting is less exhausting."

"They seem delicate enough."

"Do they? Fairest of women, did you ever see a prima donna eat? I have. There is no daily laborer who takes heartier food, or with more relish, than these song-birds of the opera. In my younger and more verdant days (if that were possible) I had the verdant turn, common to very young men, of affecting opera singers and ballet dancers. To see such feet destroy all the poetry of the thing. Beer and meat best, salads of all sorts, and sweets that prove their appetites healthy."

"Sweetest?"

"To be sure. The latest for sweets indicates a natural and healthy condition of the system. Women, children, negroes, savages, and all animals are fond of sweets. It is only when we have vitiated the stomach through unwholesome food and excess that we sicken on sweets."

"But tell me about these singers and their private life. That is interesting. There is a mystery and a romance about them that is extremely fascinating."

"Yes, the sweetest music and the highest poetry seem to envelop them; and then we see and hear them only when giving utterance and life to the highest artistic creations. Hence the mystery. But, my fair friend, the glamour soon disappears when you come in contact with them. They are no better nor worse than other people, but we unconsciously expect more. It is the same with actors and actresses. I had the honor once of supping with Rachel. I had worshipped, almost, the wonderful actress, but I must confess that my admiration received a shock that night from which it never recovered."

"And opera singers are the same?"

"Very much the same, only a little more so. There is Clara Louise Kellogg, who would be a famous prima donna if she had a little voice and could act at all. I sat at the same table with her at the Arlington, Washington, for some weeks. The healthy appetite of that popular murderess of good music excited my envy and admiration."

"Where do the opera singers come from, then?"

"The lower classes of Europe—from races who never knew what waists were. The music of those lands is as common and free to all as the air they breathe. It is not in the common education, it is the common life, and from the laboring classes come these sweet singers, whose voices charm our hardened shillings from our pockets. I heard an opera manager once say that he could get tenors enough with good voices, but to find such a fellow with clean nails, who would use his handkerchief, was very rare. Now we have no such class. The wives and daughters of our laborers all have waists, and of consequence, no voice. The corset is our badge of respectability, and a woman without a waist considers herself disreputable."